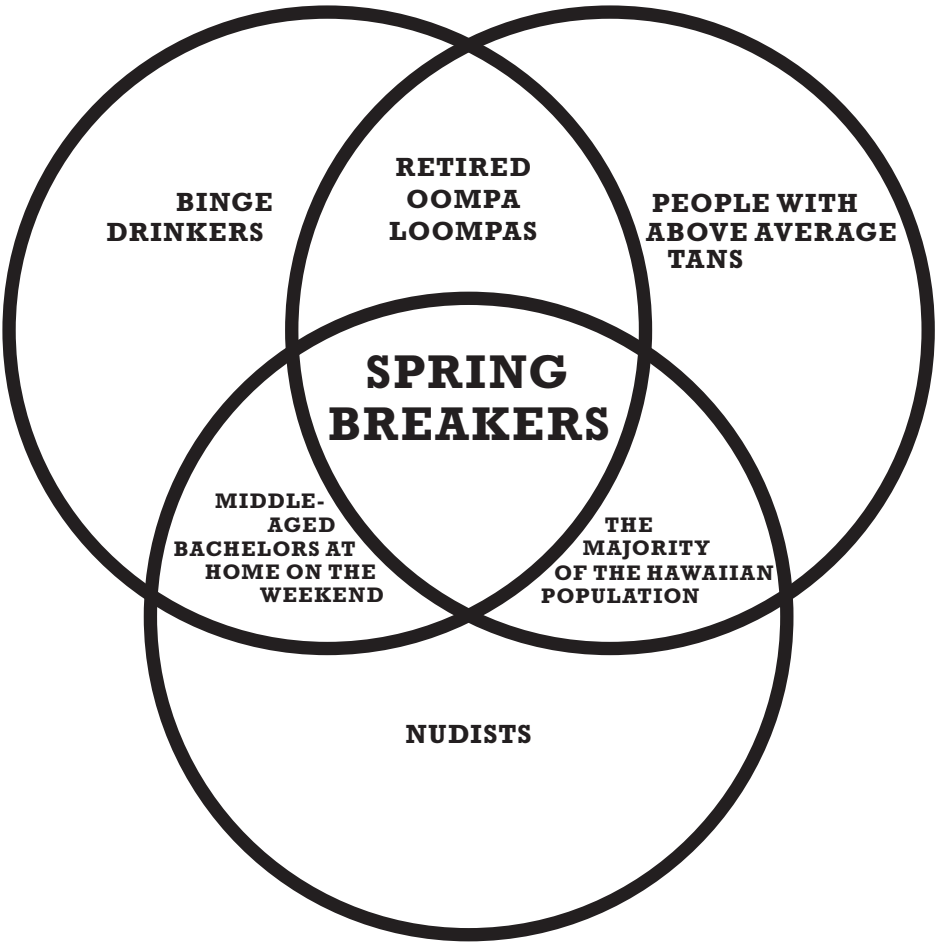
cohesion

Grand Valley's 1st Alternative Newspaper



Dedicated to Reginald Watts.
Good luck ol' buddy. We'll miss you!

Issue 6 // March 2011

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THE SPRING BREAK ISSUE
ISSUE 6 // MARCH 2011

Cohesion is a wholly democratic publication to promote creativity on the Grand Valley Campus.

Want to promote your student organization? Want to write an article for us? Have an opinion piece? Want to respond to an article you read? Email us at *CohesionGV@gmail.com*

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By accepting this copy of Cohesion you have automatically agreed to give up your identity as an American citizen (social security number, passwords, and that little key on your diary). Your identity will be sold to an illegal immigrant and all profits will be given over to the Federal Reserve. Have fun trying to get into Cancun!

Cohesion leads by example by taking their part in helping America lower national debt!

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DEAR COHESION

What's the equivalent of a camel toe for a guy? I wiki'd it but nothing's turning up. Also, how do I get it to stop? I'm sick of my friends on the golf team giving me shit.

Sincerely,

Highly Confused

Dear Rick,

Well my tight pants-wearing friend, the term you are looking for is Moose Knuckle. It's often an unfortunate side-effect of wearing those Levi's Ex-Girlfriend jeans (look it up if you don't believe me). There are multiple remedies for this situation. If you're not willing to give up fashion then simply wear a cup. It's protective and creates a bulbous proportional shape beneath your pants. If you're opting for a cheaper fix, there's the cure-all-duct-tape, though there may be some pain and hair loss involved with that. If none of these solutions work, simply keep your fly down at all times. People will be far too distracted by your zipper situation to notice what's going on beneath it. I wish you the best of luck as I, too, have had the misfortune of a moose knuckle, though I chose invasive surgery to make sure I would never be plagued by that unhappy sight again.

Your friend's friend,

Blacklung

REALIST HOROSCOPES

(with installment of recent changes to Zodiac signs)

Reed Bramble

CAPRICORN *(Jan. 20–Feb. 16):*
Today, your significant other will abruptly end your relationship. Feel free to come over later for ice cream and jello shots. There is no better demise than a chocolaty, jello-y indulgence. Mmm, mmm, break-ups.

AQUARIUS *(Feb. 17–March 11):*
Your professor who seems to talk normally most of the time will periodically catch you off-guard by pronouncing sugar as “shigur” and plague as “plagg.” I would have suggested that you leave class before your ears start to bleed, but it's too late. She already pronounced celery as “salary.” There's nothing I can do for you now. Try using Q-tips.

PISCES *(March 12–Apr. 18):*
Today, you will be recruited by Delta Banana Gamma to join their fraternity after getting a referral from one of your “friends.” This can only mean one of four things: 1) Your “friend” clearly is concerned about your social well-being and deems you too insufficient to make friends outside of an organized system, 2) Your “friend” hates your guts and is using this to execute their lifelong plot of putting you in an environment other than theirs, 3) Your “friend” wants more alcohol connections without commitment, or 4) Your “friend” doesn’t exist.

ARIES *(Apr. 19–May 13):*
Later tonight, you will sleep walk in the middle of the night to your car, wave to the cop parked on Lake Michigan Drive, order a peanut butter milkshake from Steak 'n Shake (which conveniently happens to be the day of the week where milkshakes are half-off), make a quick stop on the side of the road to make snow angels, and then blow up the nearest Speedway gas station upon accidently pressing the gas pedal when approaching the pump. At least you died with the taste of delicious peanut buttery-goodness swirling around in your mouth.

TAURUS *(May 14–June 21):*
On this day, you will decide that now is the perfect time to start that death metal band that you've always wanted to be in. So you don't play any instruments? Who cares? Last time I checked, that wasn't necessarily a requirement of death metal. You're just in it so you can scream all you want and give your songs outrageous names. Just let me know when you guys start making the music video to “Decapitation By Sliding Door.”

GEMINI *(June 22–July 20):*
Your best friend who clearly doesn't think much of your relationship will indirectly remind you for the 46th time this week

about their spring break trip to Florida. Apparently, number 46 was crossing the line, and you will decide to put some rat poison in the ice cream pie you made for them. At least it will give you something exciting to think about during your spring break in below-freezing West Michigan.

CANCER *(July 21–Aug. 10):*
Today, you realize that fortune cookies don't really give you good fortune. Another depressing day. In fact, they really don't tell you anything you don't already know. You are lucky to even get a list of lucky numbers nowadays. But there's nothing wrong with pretending, you person whom many consider to be trustworthy, you. As a pointless fortune cookie once said, "You are what you are." Thank God we have horoscopes, right?

LEO *(Aug. 11–Sept. 16):*
On this day, you will be shocked upon learning that corn actually appears in your excretion shortly after consumption and carrot juice turns your skin orange if you drink too much of it. Hence, the beginning of your long hiatus from eating vegetables out of fear. Don't even get me started on avocado. It will keep you up at night.

VIRGO *(Sept. 17–Oct. 30):*
On this day, you will Facebook-stalk all of your Exes and laugh abundantly upon seeing the goonish individuals they have chosen to replace you with. When it's love, it must be love. At least, I sure hope so.

LIBRA *(Oct. 31–Nov. 23):*
If a train is heading east from Long Beach, CA, and another train is heading west from Wilmington, NC, at the same speed, what did Lady Gaga come out of during her Grammy performance? If you know the answer to this question, you are cheating the system, because you are obviously not a Libra. Everyone knows that Libras are not fans of Lady Gaga. And they certainly are not fans of story problems.

SCORPIO *(Nov. 24–Nov. 30):*
Today, as you drive past a playground teeming with children, you will become melancholy upon realizing activities that came to you so easily as a child, such as hula hooping, jump roping, cartwheeling, and pogo sticking, you can no longer actually do, for a variety of reasons. Let's all take a moment of silence to remember that time when your life was significantly more enjoyable, and the only thing you ever really worried about was fitting into your roller blades.

OPHIUCHUS *(Nov. 30–Dec. 17):*
This afternoon, you will receive an email from DPS describing how you only have a week left to pay that parking ticket you received two months ago. Even though you are pretty sure you haven't owned a car since high school. Campus security, top of the line.

SAGITTARIUS *(Dec. 17–Jan. 20):*
You are still reeling off that bad taste in your mouth after saying how stupid Valentine's Day is, even though deep down you are just tired of being single year after year and missing out on a popular holiday because of it. However, you can always get rid of that taste by shoving some Valentine's chocolates in your mouth and smiling. They say you can't love until you have loved yourself, right?

SATIRE

The Best and Worst of Spring Break!

Visiting grandma...
Best: She's catatonic and owns a villa in Panama
Worst: On her chicken farm in Kentucky. All she eats is salt water taffy and liver.

An all-expense paid cruise...
Best: With hot Puerto Rican guide
Worst: With hot Puerto Rican guide (and you're on the rag)

Amsterdam...
Best: (You've got an imagination, you do the thinking)
Worst: You're straight-edge

Got video taped by Girls Gone Wild
Best: I'm still 17. Let's have the court decide who got F*kt
Worst: Creepy Uncle Lester has a dvd subscription to Girls Gone Wild

Visiting your family back home...
Best: You manage to get your dog high
Worst: You manage to get your dog high and she eats all your easy-mac

Top 10 Souvenirs

10. GGW t-shirt
9. One of those ten dollar faze Rolexes that breaks after a week
8. Piranhas in a plastic bag
7. Food poisoning (guest-starring Montezuma's revenge)
6. Brazilian maid (customs only allows two per trip)
5. Voodoo doll of your stats professor
4. Grandma's wooden eye
3. A surprise in nine months
2. The number of the lady you sat next to on the plane (who smelled like cats)
1. Herpes

2011 SB FASHION TIPS

Blacklung

No matter where you plan to be this spring break, fashion is universal. Whether you're just chilling in your parents' basement, stealing their Doritos and using Dad's tweezers as a roach clip, or partying it up in Miami, accidentally breaking your teeth trying to open a beer bottle, what you're wearing matters. It's not just an expression of yourself, it's also the means by which most of the population judges you. So don't get stuck out in the cold this spring, get some quick fashion tips from your friend, Blacklung:

1. First and foremost, no pants. I don't care if snot is freezing to your upper lip: rock those cut-offs.

2. Not in the mood for denim? Opt for baller shorts. You can go for the urban youth appeal, and you're always ready for the game.

3. Does your fashion fall more on the preppy end of things? Forget khaki, this season it's all about the mustard yellow. Pair that with a colored leather jacket, and you're ready for a night on the town.

4. For more freedom, pull out the skirt—as short and revealing as possible—because it's SPRING BREAK, so who cares who sees? They probably won't remember.

But what's the most important piece of the spring break wardrobe? The swim suit, of course, and this spring, things are getting wet and wild (and possibly infected). For the ladies, you need only ask yourself one question: "WWSD?" Or "What would Snooki do?" of course. It's straight up Jersey this spring break, so own that bikini with a false sense of confidence only allotted to celebrities who are famous for no good reason. As for guys, think European...nude beach. Need I say more?

In regards to anyone doubting the practicality of these fashion picks when there's still snow on the ground, I have only one defense: is there anything practical about 20 teenagers swimming in a kiddie pool filled with Captain Morgan's that their parents bought for them? No? Well keep your opinions to yourself and I'll keep the ice luge flowing.

Italy Worried About Libyan Spring Breakers

Little Sister

Following the fictitious rioting in Libya, Italy petitions the UN to guard its borders against Libyan 'refugees' who are faking an uprising to avoid travel costs. After closing all ports and declaring a pandemic emergency, Italy, as well as other port rich countries such as Madagascar and Kazakhstan (see also: Baikonur Cosmodrome), kicked the Travelosity gnome in the teeth.

As a mirror of the savages in Egypt and Wisconsin, college students in Libya looking for a cheap vacation incited a riot through the exploitation of the government. By utilizing international hotspots like Tripoli and Tobruk (anagram for "outbr[ea] k"), these college students formed the Facebook group, "Riot to Italy: SPRING BREAK 2011!!!1" and falsified WikiLeaks accounts of tyranny, in order to bridge the culture gap that denies Libyans the joys of Nutella, crepes, and those crumbly deserts that broke Greeks can't afford to make anymore.

"I joined the group out of humor," claims Muammar al-Gaddafi, de facto leader of Libya, "I didn't know it would come to this." Weeks later, and after mindless bloodshed, Italian street vendors are bulking up on novelty items in attempt to entice the government to retract their cry to the UN.

Student Eats Magic Mushrooms in Arboretum by Accident

Yoshi

Student Mario Deninnot* and his brother Luigi Deninnot* were walking in Grand Valley's arboretum when they noticed footprints that took an odd wander off the beaten path. The footprints had led to an old rotting log that showed evidence of having been rolled around in the fresh snow. Underneath it was a handful or so of growing mushrooms.

Mario, an Italian immigrant, used to find truffles and other mushrooms in the northern Italian mountains with his father, who trained pigs. "I know my mushrooms, and I thought that those had been power-up mushrooms, but they were fly agarics." Fly agaric is a type of mushroom that exhibits the same markings as a power up mushroom.

"I know my types of mushrooms, Mamma Mia, but you Americans have some weird ones!" Mario had a severe panic attack after having feelings of imminent death during the hallucinogenic trip, and was admitted to the E.R. by Luigi. Normally there are only five types of mushrooms: 1up (or extra life), power up, block, reverse, and poison. But I guess this isn't like mother Italy, since the old mushroom kingdom was a lot more fun.

Mario says he plans on traveling home after he graduates, via a newly constructed warp tube. "After that experience, I just want to see my Peach again."

*ed. Anagram

Solution to Michigan Money Problems

Mina Pink

The news is full of Michigan's proposed budget cuts, but now the government has a plan to actually earn money. The brilliant solution? Those who had bridge card while in college have until January 2012 to pay the money back to the government. A government spokesperson provided some clarity on the subject. "We like to think of the bridge cards as 'food loans' now. Right now we aren't charging interest, but in the future we may in order to make more money." Undoubtedly, this program would indeed make the State money. When asked how he felt about the matter, college junior Toby Kauffman replied, "I only had my card for two months before they mysteriously cancelled it without notification, so I don't even have that much to pay back." Toby went on to say later in the interview that since his caseworker seemed to forget about him while he had the card, he hopes they will continue to ignore his existence.

BROActiv!

Unwanted pimples BROaching your complexion?! Fratty acids clogging your pores?! Try new, and himproved, BROActiv! Genetically engineered from the late nights of fist pumping, our formula is guaranteed to provide results! With tough, active, flailing enzymes, our natural cure is sure to leave your skin silky smooth!

Activ ingredients: amino acids, citrate, enzymes, flavins, fructose, citric acid, fibrinolysin, prostate specific antigen, proteolytic enzymes, zinc, and sialic acid!

Photos by Alyssa Joye

COHESION

MEETS GRAND VALLEY'S

MIDWEST SKIES

This past week we had the pleasure of meeting Midwest Skies—composed of James Johnson (Guitar/Vocals), Ryan Ykimoff (Bass/Vocals), and Josh DC Jones (Drums). The band came together in August of 2009 and has been together since playing shows all over the United States. Their influences are all over the charts, from West Coast punk and Jazz to Metal and Alternative to Indie and Pop. Ryan describes the music as ''A big orgy of sound.'' The origin of the band name comes from a Pete Wentz quote from a Cribs episode where he shows off a snow machine at his home in L.A. as a constant reminder of the Midwest. Midwest Skies never wants to forget their roots. ''We're all from the Midwest,'' James said, ''It just made sense.''

We asked Midwest Skies a series of question about their success as a band and their plans for the future, and this is what we got:

Conflict is the Secret

Midwest Skies attributes much of their success to conflict. Josh notes: “The strong point for us is that, although we have our disagreements, we can work past it. Nothing is too 'bad' for us. Whenever we have an issue, we talk about it and get it out of the way.” James admits to writing better music when there is conflict because everyone is honest and the true music can be discussed and written. Ryan summed it up: “We are friends first and band mates second”.

Debut Album

Midwest Skies is very excited to announce that they just finished recording a six-track album with Chris Andrus at Mackinaw Harvest Studios in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They will be releasing their debut album sometime in March. The band is still in the process of naming it.

Easier This Time Around

Ryan explained that the hit song, "Easier This Time Around," is about a long-term long-distance relationship that ended in a break up. Out of the conflict of the relationship, the song was born, and has since become the most prominent track to date. It took Ryan a month and a half to write the lyrics, and he admits that he has spent more time perfecting the song than on any other. He regards "Easier This Time Around" as one of the favorite songs that he has written.

You can download Easier This Time Around *for FREE at purevolume.com/midwestskies*

The Empty Scene

The Grand Rapids music scene has been declining over the past few years. The members of Midwest Skies have been involved in playing and attending shows throughout Michigan for a number of years, so we asked why West Michigan groups are failing while bands on the East Side are thriving.

“In other parts of the state bands really support one another. I know on the east-side there are about four bands that work together. Over here, it’s a dog eat dog world. Bands don’t tend to support one another. The Mixtape downtown, J.R. (owner) does a pretty good job of giving grass roots bands a change, which is to be admired in this day and age with the whole money aspect. If you own a venue like this, you’re expected to lose money; the support just isn’t there...kids just don’t go out to shows anymore ”

–Ryan

“It’s the convenience of media. If someone can watch it on iTunes or on YouTube, why the hell would they want to spend ten buck to go see it? ...My personal vendetta with college kids is that they would rather sit around and drink beer than go to a show.”

–Josh

“I think that Grand Rapids has been spoiled. There are so many music venues and kids have seen all of their favorite bands. They think, ‘Why go to a friend’s show and spend five buck when next month I can see a well-know band play?’”

–James

“We would love to be part of getting this music scene growing again and getting 150–200 kids out to see a show just because it’s a show; just because it’s music. We want people to come out not because

someone like Ke$ha is playing, but for the music scene because it's the music scene. It's something you live, more of a life style, not necessarily what you have in your CD player."
-Ryan

Dedicated to Music

All three members agreed that playing music for the sake of music is the goal of the band. Josh remarked that he would pass up a good paying Job for a life of music as long as he could still pay the bills and live comfortably. James went on to say, "The Goal isn't to get rich or famous. If we can pay our bills, play 300 shows a year, and be on the road, that would be perfect."

Midwest Skies plans on playing music together after they graduate from Grand Valley and hope to continue their already exponential progress.

Contact Midwest Skies:

Facebook:
facebook.com/midwestskies
Website:
midwestskiesrock.tumblr.com
Myspace:
myspace.com/midwestskiesrock
Purevolume:
purevolume.com/MidwestSkies
Youtube:
youtube.com/user/MidwestSkies...
Merch:
midwestskies.bigcartel.com

CHEAP AND EASY COLLEGE EATS!

Paolina Barker

Mushroom and Roasted Red Pepper Panini

Difficulty rating: *Junior*

Panini in Italian actually means sandwiches. Panino is the word for sandwich. So if you go to Italy and order a Panini, they will ask you how many you want. Also, it has nothing to do with whether the sandwich is grilled or not. It makes me wonder, how the hell did Americans adopt this word in the first place? Anyway, say ciao to this American style Panini, and ride away into the sunset on your Vespa.

¼ cup Dijon Mustard
1/8 cup Balsamic Vinegar (use a high quality if you can get it)
4 Portobello Mushroom Caps
1 Roasted Red Pepper (You could roast your own, or just buy them in a jar like I do)
4 Slices of Bread
2 Slices of Cheese, such as Provolone or Muenster
Salt
Pepper

In a large bowl, mix the mustard and vinegar together to make a marinade, and add salt and pepper to taste. Put the mushroom caps directly into the marinade, making sure that they are completely covered. After fifteen minutes, fry the caps in an oiled pan on medium (alternately, you can grill them) until the marinade becomes thicker and the mushrooms cook through, about 8 minutes or so per side. After the mushrooms are done, assemble two sandwiches, dividing the mushrooms, cheese, and red pepper between them. Fire up your roommate's Panini press and grill the sandwiches until the bread is toasty and the cheese is melty and oozy and delicious. What's that? Your roommate doesn't have a Panini press? Then just fry the sandwiches in a pan just as you would a grilled cheese.

Warm Chocolate Croissants
Difficulty Rating: *Sophomore*

You must wear a beret when making these. There is no other way.
1 Tube of ready-made Croissant Dough, brought to you by everyone's favorite giggling... What is he supposed to be, anyway?
1 Bar of Chocolate (Sure, you could use Hershey's, but we're already cutting corners with the dough, so why not splurge on some quality stuff?)

On a baking sheet, unroll all those little precut triangles. Break up the chocolate into small pieces and place at the wider end of the triangles. Roll each one up, being careful to wrap the dough around the chocolate. Bake according to the directions on the dough package. Watch these carefully because they tend to turn brown rather fast. Take out of oven and let cool, or scarf them all before anyone else can get to them.

MARCH ARTICLES

Sentence Guerrilla Warfare
Jason Michalek
(Previously rejected by major campus news source)

A urinal divider of a bathroom in Kirkhof reads "rock is better than country" with the word "folk" above the crossed-out "rock." On the Mac bridge, a picture of Magneto is underlined by the phrase "Never Forget." At night, a post-it is illuminated on a lamp post outside Zumberg with something to the effect of "Chuck Norris" and "five dollars."

Michael Nelson, a graffiti enthusiast, explains poetically that it's "like candy for my eyes on a weary, dismal day." As a student observer, Christopher M. Jokinen posits, "It adds culture to the community in a weird way."

However, not all students are supportive. Lucas Moneypenny, an art student, reminds us, "It's not your space to express yourself."

"This is a continual problem," reveals Steve Leeser, Operations Supervisor of Facilities Services. Leeser deals with messages of all kinds the most common types being pen, pencil, markers, and scratching with a sharp object.

Captain Brandon Dehaan of Grand Valley Public Safety points out, "There are areas and forums that are appropriate." In fact, according to Section 227.01 in Appendix G of the student code, various boards exist to serve a variety of postings including opinion boards.

Per criminal law, the occurrence of graffiti needs permanent damage in order to process an offender legally. As to the student code, Dehaan cites numerous sections that could lead to punishment by the university including damage (206.04), the obscenity of the message (206.07), and the location of the offense (Appendix Section G).

Bart Merkle, Vice Provost and Dean of Students at Grand Valley, admits that, in reference to other universities and institutions, "We've had a pretty low incidence of graffiti [at Grand Valley]." But that doesn't absolve the concern. "[Graffiti] violates the aesthetic sense of the community," says Merkle gravely. "There are ways of writing and expressing ideas," he expresses, pointing to formal writing and the Lanthorn. As for the artistic side, he suggests the gallery and art all around the campus.

An undisclosed source of interest works with a professional graffiti crew in Grand Rapids with works of notoriety at The Beat Goes On downtown on Diamond and Fulton. Coming from a history of illegal graffiti, the source turned to a lucrative career after being legally apprehended. The informant reveals that perhaps the main influence of graffiti is "to express using energy, creatively, in an artistic way."

But the source clarifies that bathroom perpetrators are different. "The content and discourse that comes along with the art—it really resonates with me that most of the time it is a voice of dissent." As a solution, in a half joking manner, the spokesperson adds, "Leave a notebook or a small whiteboard... people have the urge to express themselves: give them some way to do it."

Nonetheless, the faculty express abhorrence for the act. "I think the community as a whole takes a lot of pride in our campus," declares Merkle. "GVSU students enjoy one of the nicest campuses in the mid-west," Leeser affirms. "Why deface it? Help us preserve it: please!"

Bieber Blurb!

By Michael Pratt

While I presuppose that you all share my insatiable and ineffable adoration for such a talented, mature, and innovative artist, I'm not sure if baby Biebs was quite up to snuff, in terms of cognitive faculty, to occupy the most current cover of *Rolling Stone*. Specifically, the cover spot's extensive Q and A entailment. This conclusion, which I have come to, was made manifest by Barbara Walters (and her minions) who host the talk show *The View*, which recently featured Barbara and her gals spewing rants which chastised, ripped, and roasted JB's Q and A answers. Assuming that you inferred that my passionate profession of Bieber love implied the very opposite — that I detest his pop culture status — and brood knowing that the amalgamation of auto-tuning, a lyrical composition team, and the absence of pubic hair is perceived as music. Thus, I type today, not to comment on JB's slipshod, sellout (this fallaciously presupposing being, at one point, in), shit-saturated, sad excuse/abuse for and of music. For that aim, at this point in his career, seems masturbatory, excessive, and completely unnecessary. To further acquit my point, my aim is not even concerned with Bieb's inability to avoid having his pubeless member shoved into his mouth upon questioning, but aims to defend, yes defend, the poor bastard.

In the current issue of *Rolling Stone*, Bieber was asked his stance on premarital sex and abortion, misleading Biebs into answering questions about a rape and rape's purpose in a grand scheme perspective. And while his responses were incredibly asinine, and while his justifications were ridiculously ass-in-place-of-mind, is there any logical or legitimate reason to why we were expecting anything less than absurd, mindless, pubeless, ass like, min(d)ickless, sense evading answers?

Vanessa Grigoriadis, Rolling Stone's interviewer, defended both the questions asked and JB's responses in the wake of criticism, stating "I think that anyone who has as much sway in popular culture as Justin should be asked all questions." Concerning any fan's interest in what might be inspiring Bieber's songs (Salina Gomez?), does this serve a purpose? Inquiry regarding views which consistently evoke exceptional passion, debate, dissent, and critical thinking (abortion, premarital sex, the truth/falsity concerning whether things happen for a reason) however, might not be as relevant or permissible as Ms. Grigoriadis contends they are...at least when interviewing a pop-star. With his defender accounted for, Barbara Walters' minions needn't be so caustic in their critique nor so bamboozled by his responses. The poor bastard is a sixteen year old pop star whose rise to fame arose from parental puppeteering and market manipulation...a 'performing' artist (I use the term reluctantly), who spends his time posing as opposed to performing, who accidentally and unfortunately is now deep-throating money and media attention on the cock of the contemporary mainstream music industry (and he has been swallowing, as opposed to the alternative). Thus, I find it absolutely absurd to chastise and criticize JB for not being well versed or slightly educated in the classic Ethical abortion debate; or for not being a reputable reference regarding the morality of sexual intercourse; or for thinking that rape has some meaningful place in a divine designer's plan for his (us) little monsters. But Biebs isn't alone. There's Ted Nugent and Mel Gibson and John Mayer and a gross slew of celebrities that present themselves as idiots because for some reason they were assumed not to be. And so it follows, that before Ted Nugent runs for president, he should probably take and successfully pass a college Poli-Sci 101 course. And that the romanticized portrayal of an event which already happened (sorry Scotland), does not make Hollywood's favorite bigot a historian, a gifted or original scriptwriter, or even imply the possession of intellect beyond film production and formula (sorry Braveheart fans). Or that John Mayer's attempt to "intellectualize" the n-word does not make him in any sense an intellectual. Rolling Stone, go ahead and ask children your adult questions, just know the potential shit storm and the discussion's probable stagnant status of stand still. Barbara Walter's peanut gallery, shut the fuck up. Diarrhea of the mouth generally proceeds from the content of the brain. I don't give a shit that Justin Bieber is a dumbass. He is a pop star, not Immanuel Kant or David Hume or Kendall Walton or a sex education speaker. He's not even Sarah Palin. Though I bet they'd make great conversation...

As Reed Sees it:
Discovering the Drive Behind Artistic Expression

Reed Bramble

There have been several different manifestations of art over the course of human history. Popular forms of art began their cultivation through expressions such as sculptures, paintings, plays, and ancient architecture. Media such as digital photography, animation,

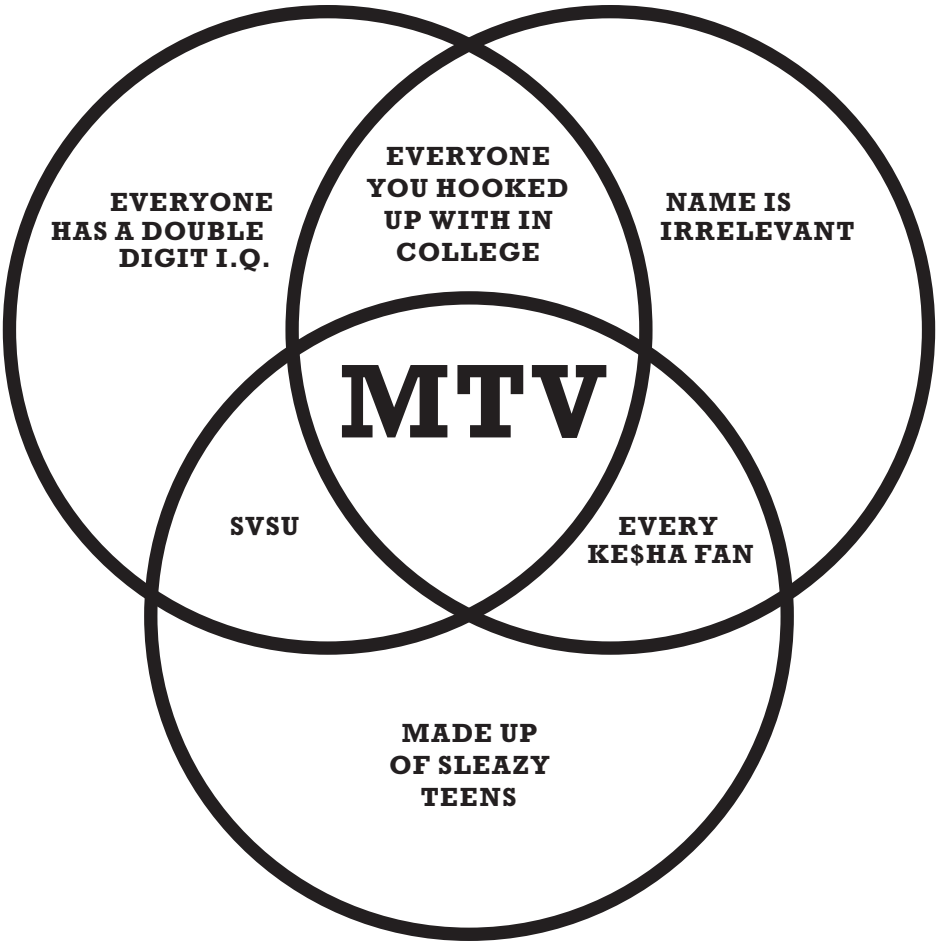
feature films, and rock and roll have become popular forms of art in the modern world. Over time, we have become accustomed to the diversity of artistic expression in our daily lives. Some interesting questions arise: “What is the common thread between these forms of art?” and “What is it about art that we enjoy so much?”

After much thought, one of my discoveries was that the root of artistic pleasure lies within the most basic forms of art. That is not to say these forms are not complex; instead, they are free from connotation or any influence besides the work itself. Examples that come to mind are classical music and paintings that are void of any photorealism whatsoever. In this sense, we have simply music without the influence of lyrics or modern effects, and an assortment of colors or shades that do not take on the form of something necessarily familiar or relatable.

Despite their lack of association to human familiarities, we still consider these to be forms of art and continue to enjoy them. Why is this so? There seems to be one conclusion: we enjoy these otherwise meaningless collaborations because we create the connotations from within and without outside influence. That is to say, at the heart of artistic expression is raw emotion.

Human emotion must be what drives all forms of art. A musical note or a color by itself is meaningless. Or is it? A C# might simply be the noise that comes out when I tap two pieces of metal together, and grayish-blue might only be the color of the shadows that lie scattered on the mounds of snow outside. However, when the brain registers these as forms of art instead of just daily perceptions, our view is completely changed. Can one note or one hue generate emotion? Undoubtedly so, and I feel extremely sorry for those who haven’t experienced such emotion. Millions of examples are pouring into my head. A recent one is the guitarist Tim Reynolds, who played one note for three minutes straight during a performance of “Lie in Our Graves” at the Radio City Music Hall in New York. It was raw beauty. Your mind allows itself to soak in the note progressively, and the emotion rushes to your head and trickles down to your shoulders and torso, and eventually it reaches your outer extremities. You feel happiness, sadness, grief, love, hope, and sorrow, all within the confines of a single note. Something essentially meaningless can have the ability to make a human being break down and cry. As for a color, I implore you one day to stare out at the sky, or the water, or the sunset, and simply feel. Feel blue, feel red, and feel yellow.

You can now imagine how powerful art can be when placed side-by-side with other notes and hues, and are also given connotations from outside sources and familiarities. It is no wonder why films such as *Black Swan* and *Inception* have become so popular. Emotion is both progressive and limitless, and therefore, so must be art.



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